

EVERYONE'S CHEERING THE HANGMAN EXCEPT NAZIS AND JAPS!

The HANGMAN

NO. 4

FALL 10¢

comics





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Fun
Electric
THE
ELECTRO-SET
EXCITING!
EDUCATIONAL!
ENTIRELY
HARMLESS!!

ONLY
25c

Here is the ELECTRO-SET. It will throw bright electric sparks up to 1/2 in. long. A lot of fun for all — educational and instructive, too, YET ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

HERE is the newest and most simple electrical generator that has ever been devised. By using an entirely new substance, static electricity can now be generated by any child or grown-up. The ELECTRO-SET gives not only strong, bright electric sparks, but you can perform dozens of marvelous experiments with it, such as you have never thought possible before.

The ELECTRO-SET uses no batteries and it is not plugged into the electric light-line. For that reason, it is completely harmless and cannot hurt you, yet delivers long and stinging electric sparks.

Lots of fun for parties. You can also give your friends a lot of surprises by shocking them with harmless electric shocks produced by the ELECTRO-SET. The operation is simplicity itself and there is nothing else to buy.

THE OUTFIT COMES QUITE COMPLETE. Here is how it works:

Place the special *Electrodyn* sheet on any metallic surface such as a pie plate, metal desk, etc. Rub the *Electrodyn* sheet briskly with the special piece of fur that comes with the outfit. Now place the round disc-electrode, with its insulating handle, on top of the *Electrodyn* sheet. Then when you lift the disc up, it is charged full of electricity and you can draw long sparks from it. This can be repeated dozens of times without further rubbing, because the powerful *Electrodyn* sheet will hold the electricity for days, and often weeks.

We have shown a few other exciting experiments of more than 100 which you can perform with the marvelous ELECTRO-SET. You can make your friends' hair stand up. Then you can perform a really marvelous and exciting *Salt-storm* which actually is a miniature snowstorm.

You can mystify your friends with the *Electric Spider Web* which gives a remarkable sensation of *LIVE SPIDER WEBS* tingling all over your face. This is a lot of fun, particularly in the dark. Then you can demonstrate the *Crazy Electric Balls*. You also can charge a Leyden jar, which is really the first type of electric battery ever made.

Did you know that you can SMELL ELECTRICITY? You can—with the ELECTRO-SET.
Did you know that you can HEAR ELECTRICITY? Yes, you can—with the ELECTRO-SET.
Did you know you can FEEL ELECTRICITY? You can—with the ELECTRO-SET.



The Electric Spider Web — one of the most mysterious electrical effects ever produced — yet completely harmless.

TO PARENTS:

Here is the easiest and best way to teach your child the fundamentals of electricity. Light the spark of Electricity in him! It will bear big dividends in the years to come. Your country will need those with electrical knowledge more than ever in the future.

Did you know that you can TASTE ELECTRICITY? Believe it or not — that is exactly what you can do — with the ELECTRO-SET.

It all sounds too good to be true but we give you our solemn word that you can do all of these things with the lowest-priced static electricity outfit that has ever been placed on the market.

There is no end of fun that you can have with this ELECTRO-SET. You can make numerous experiments yourself besides the many listed in the full set of instructions.

MOST IMPORTANT. There is positively nothing to wear out with the ELECTRO-SET. You don't have to buy anything else to make all the experiments mentioned above — or we will cheerfully refund your money. With ordinary care the ELECTRO-SET's parts will last for years and you can repeat the experiments for years to come without investing one cent more!

More important is that you do not have to build anything to make all of these experiments, because the ELECTRO-SET comes to you COMPLETE. Within two minutes after you have received it, you are able to perform the experiments shown here, as well as many others listed in the instructions.

You positively never have bought so much fun and instruction for so little money. Mail coupon NOW—TODAY!

(Patent Pending, U.S. Patent Office)



The great Electric Salt Storm. One of the most unbelievable recent discoveries. So new it has never been described before in any physics book! One of the prettiest experiments to watch. It really is a miniature snowstorm!



The Crazy Electric Balls. Watch the performance of these erratic and funny balls. They do the most unexpected things that you can imagine. Will make everybody laugh.

MAIL COUPON NOW—TODAY!

BREEZY HILL BOOK CO.
60 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please rush to me quickly your NEW and COMPLETE ELECTRO-SET, exactly as described above. I enclose 25c in coin, money order, or new U. S. Stamps. I also enclose new 5c stamp to pay for mailing and packing charges.

NAME _____
(Print clearly)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

(5c extra for Canada or Foreign Countries)



THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOW, DREAD SYMBOL OF THE HANGMAN, LOOMS HIGH, WAITING FOR AN OCCUPANT, AND IT WON'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT! FOR THE HUNTER, ARCH SLEUTH OF THE GESTAPO, IS BACK ON THE TRAIL AGAIN--A BLOOD-STAINED TRAIL WITH MILLIONS OF DOLLARS AT STAKE AND DEATH LURKING BEHIND EVERY TREE!

IRVING
#8011

THE
TRAIL
BEGINS
AT THE
FOURTH
CITY
BANK...

AH! FINE MORNING, ISN'T IT? EXCEL-
LENT FOR FISHING....

BUT NOT FOR YOU, MR. SMITH. THE BOSS
WANTS TO SEE YOU...
AND CONFIDENTI-
LY, HE'S FIT TO
BE TIED!

SIX MINUTES LATE! YOU
BLASTED...! WHAT'S
THE BIG IDEA?

I--I'M SORRY, MR.
HOWARD. I--I WAS
GETTING MY ROD
READY.. THE FISHING
SEASON, YOU KNOW..

IF YOU DON'T GET
DOWN TO BUSINESS, SMITH,
YOU'LL BE FISHING FOR A NEW
JOB! SO YOU'D BETTER MAKE UP
YOUR MIND...

I--I HAVE
MADE UP
MY MIND...

THE
WORM TURNS!

I'M THROUGH BEING YOUR
DOOR-MAT! KEEP YOUR
JOB! I'M LEAVING..AND I'M
GOING TO FISH ALL
I PLEASE!

AND WITH THAT
MR. SMITH
GRABS HIS BRIEF-CASE
--OR IS IT
HIS BRIEF-
CASE?

GOODBYE, YOU SLAVE DRIVER!
IF I NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN, IT'LL
BE TOO SOON!

WELL, I'LL BE...!

THE FLABBERGAST-
ED BANK PRESI-
DENT GETS AN-
OTHER SHOCK!

THE FOOL LEFT HIS
BRIEF-CASE..AND
TOOK MINE!

SUDDENLY, WE'RE FROM THE F.B.I., HOWARD. WE'VE GOT A WARRANT TO SEARCH YOUR OFFICE!

I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM! THERE'S ENOUGH EVIDENCE IN THAT BRIEF-CASE TO SEND ME UP THE RIVER FOR A HUNDRED YEARS!

WHY, OF COURSE, GENTLEMEN. GO TO IT. FAR BE IT FROM ME TO IMPEDE THE COURSE OF JUSTICE!

SOMETHING TELLS ME HE'S LAUGHING UP HIS SLEEVE!



SMITH BEATING IT WAS A BLESSING IN DISGUISE! SOMEHOW THE F.B.I. HAVE GOTTEN WISE TO ME.

WE'VE BEEN TRAILING AND CHECKING YOU FOR A LONG TIME, HOWARD. AND TODAY WE GOT A TIP YOU HAD SOME INTERESTING RECORDS. A TIP FROM SOMEONE WHO NEVER STEERED US WRONG BEFORE.

WELL, THERE'S ALWAYS A FIRST TIME, HA-HA-HA!

THE SCENE SHIFTS TO THELMA GORDON AND BOB DICKERING AT A MID-TOWN NEWSPAPER OFFICE - - - -



LOOKS LIKE THE F.B.I. WALKED INTO SOMETHING! A PHONY TIP, I GUESS.

I WOULDN'T KNOW. BUT HOWARD'S SLICK AS GREASE. WOULDN'T BE A BAD IDEA IF WE PAID HIM A VISIT. MAYBE HE'LL SLIP!



I SUSPECT IT'S THE HANGMAN WHO WANTS TO TALK TO HOWARD... NOT BOB DICKERING!

COULD BE!



HOP IN, THEL!



LATER, AT THE BANKER'S RESIDENCE --

PARDON ME MR. HOWARD, BUT THERE'S A REPORTER OUTSIDE. SHE...

A REPORTER? YOU KNOW WHAT TO TELL HER!



SORRY... AHM... BUT MR. HOWARD IS NOT AT HOME!

I DIDN'T THINK HE WOULD BE -- TO US.



HOLD EVERYTHING! A LIGHTED WINDOW... IT WON'T HURT TO HAVE A PEEK THROUGH THAT SLIT IN THE CURTAIN!



JUST WHAT I THOUGHT! THE OLD RUNAROUND! THERE'S HOWARD NOW!

WHAT'S HE DOING?



HE'S SURE ACTING FUNNY FOR A GUY WHO'S SIMPLY POURING HIMSELF A DRINK!



CALLING BERLIN!...
...CALLING BERLIN!...

DER BLUNDERER!
YE VILL HAFF TO CON-
TACT DER HUNTER, WHO
ISS IN DER U.S. NOW, TO
RECOVER IT. FIND OUT DER
NAME AND ADDRESS
OF DER EM-
PLOYEE!

THE... THE HANGMAN!

WH...WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

YOU... YOU'RE RIGHT,
I'LL TELL EVERY-
THING! I...

A1-1-1-1-1-1

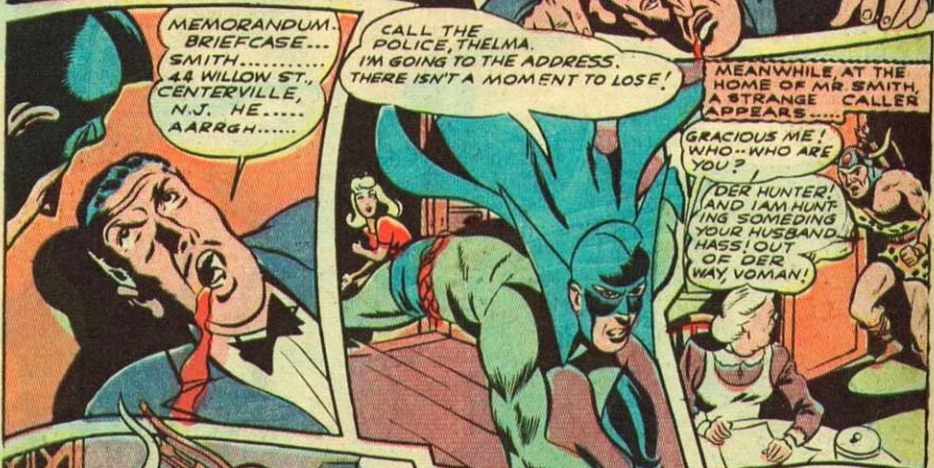


THELMA! THAT ARROW!
DID YOU SEE WHO
SHOT IT?

NO.. I SAW
NOTHING!...

HANG... MAN
.... I

HE'S PASSING OUT,
THELMA... BUT HE'S
TRYING TO SAY
SOMETHING!...



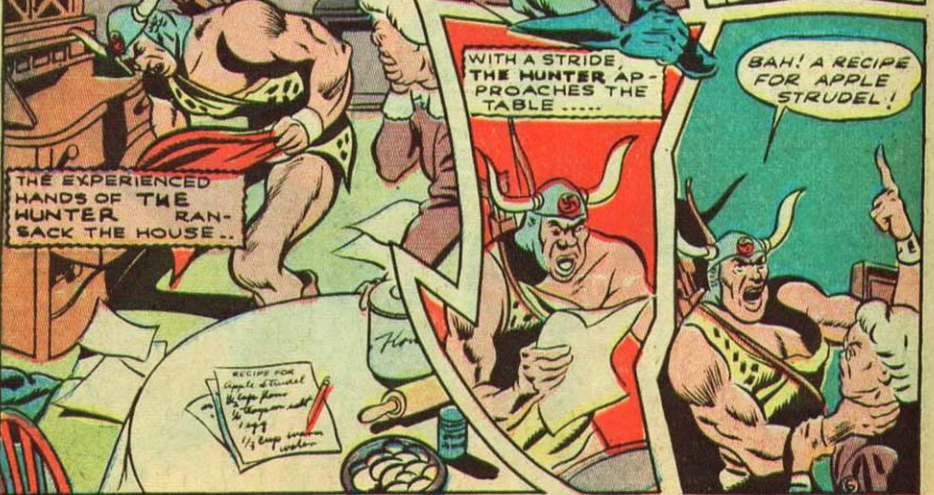
MEMORANDUM...
BRIEFCASE...
SMITH...
44 WILLOW ST.,
CENTERVILLE,
N.J. HE.....
AARRGH.....

CALL THE
POLICE, THELMA.
I'M GOING TO THE ADDRESS.
THERE ISN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!

MEANWHILE, AT THE
HOME OF MR. SMITH,
A STRANGE CALLER
APPEARS.....

GRACIOUS ME!
WHO--WHO ARE
YOU?

'DER HUNTER!
AND I AM HUNT-
ING SOMEBING
YOUR HUSBAND...
HASS! OUT
OF DER
WAY VOMAN!

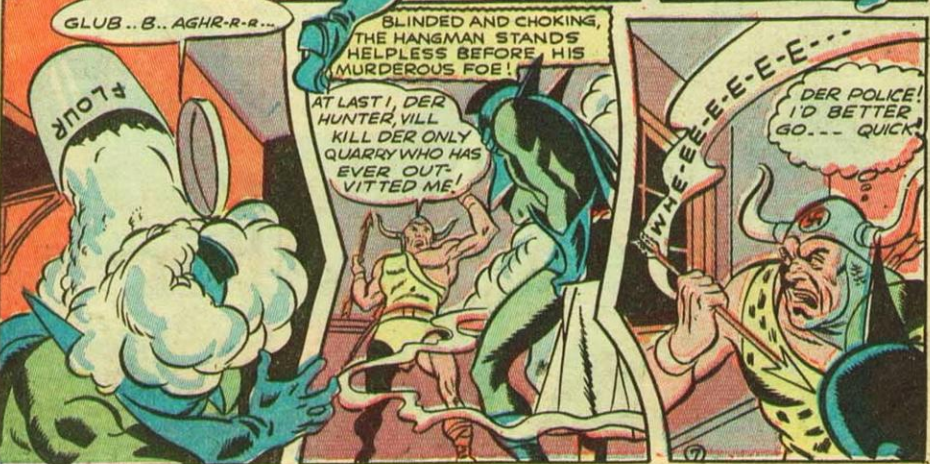


THE EXPERIENCED
HANDS OF THE
HUNTER RAN-
SACK THE HOUSE...

WITH A STRIDE,
THE HUNTER AP-
PROACHES THE
TABLE.....

BAH! A RECIPE
FOR APPLE
STRUDEL!

RECIPE FOR
Apple & Strudel
1/2 cup flour
1/2 cup sugar
1 egg
1/4 cup butter
1/2 cup
1/2 cup



I WILL POSTPONE DER HANGMAN'S FUNERAL TO A LATER DATE! FIRST COMES HERR SMITH!

WOW! MY EYES ARE BURNING UP!

MY STARS! THAT WILD MAN! DO YOUR EYES HURT?

I'LL BE OKAY IN A MOMENT!

AFTER THE HANGMAN'S SIGHT CLEARS UP...

SO YOUR HUSBAND'S GONE FISHING! THAT MEANS THE HUNTER'S GONE HUNTING! AND SO AM I!

I DON'T LET THAT MONSTER DO ANYTHING TO MY HUSBAND! PLEASE HANGMAN, HE'S ALL I'VE LEFT IN THIS WORLD!

DON'T WORRY, NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO HIM... IF I CAN HELP IT!

THAT'S A BIG PROMISE I GAVE HER... HERE'S HOPING I CAN KEEP IT!... THE HUNTER'S A GENIUS AT STALKING!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THE HUNTER GOT HERE SO SOON AFTER HOWARD RADIOED BERLIN — UNLESS HIS ORIGINAL INTENTION WAS TO STALK AND KILL ME.

I THOUGHT CERTAINLY HE WAS A CORPSE WHEN I LEFT HIM IN GERMANY. WELL, I'LL HAVE TO WATCH MY STEP NOW!

HE'S AS CUNNING AS THE
DEVIL HIMSELF IN FORESTS
OF ANY KIND!

TRUER WORDS, THE
HANGMAN NEVER
SPOKE!

THE NOOSE JERKS TIGHT
AND YANKS THE HANG-
MAN SKYWARD!

HEY!--

RAUCOUS LAUGH-
TER RESOUNDS
THROUGH THE WOODS!

THE BOWSTRING STRUMS
LIKE A BANJO AND A
FEATHERED SHAFT
WHIZZES THROUGH
THE AIR!

HA HA, HA, HOW
DOES DER HANG-
MAN LIKE MY
GALLOWS?

WOW! MISSED BY
INCHES! I SUPPOSE
THIS IS THE HUNTER'S
IDEA OF HUMOR!

HAW, HAW! NOW I AM GLAD I
DIDN'T KILL YOU BEFORE,
HANGMAN. I HAFF TRAPPED
YOU BY YOUR OWN DEVI-
CE- DER NOOSE... HA, HA,

GOODBYE, HANGMAN.
MY REVENGE IS
CHUST AS I WISHED!

BUT SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT AND THE ROPE FROM WHICH THE HANGMAN HANGS PARTS!

VOT ISS?



Handwritten signature: *John F. Johnson*

HE MUST HAVV BROUGHT REINFORCEMENTS! CURSE HIM!



BUT BEFORE HE CAN TAKE AIM, ANOTHER BULLET WHISTLES UNCOMFORTABLY CLOSE!

IT'S A TRAP!... UND I ALMOST FELL FOR IT!



I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

WHEW.... I NEVER WANT TO BE SO CLOSE TO DEATH AGAIN.



WONDER WHO MY UNKNOWN SAVIOUR IS?

DID I GET IT?

GET WHAT?



THAT BIG BUCK DEER, OF COURSE!

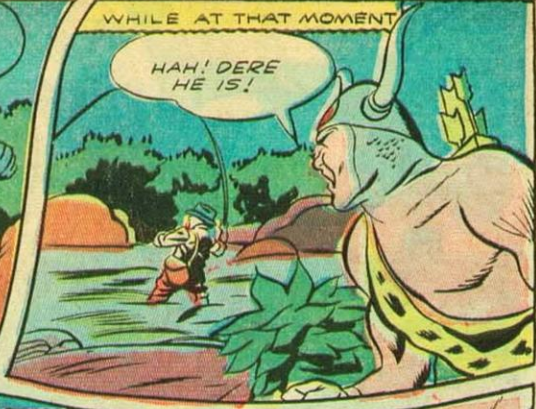
OPEN HUNTING SEASON, EH? HE GOT AWAY... FORTUNATELY FOR ME! THANKS A MILLION!





NOW WHY ON EARTH DID HE THANK ME FOR MISSING A DEER? HE MUST BE NUTS!

I CAN ALMOST HEAR THIS ONE SIZZLING IN THE FRYING PAN!



WHILE AT THAT MOMENT

HAH! DER HE IS!



MR SMITH CASTS FOR TROUT--



BUT LANDS A BIGGER FISH!

HIMMEL! MY HAND!...

THE ENRAGED HUNTER HAULS ON THE LINE..

GOODNESS!

COME HERE, YOU MISERABLE LITTLE ROACH!



WERE IS DOT. MEMORANDUM? SPEAK..OR I'LL WRING YOUR NECK!

YO..YOU MEAN MR HOWARD'S PAPERS? I LEFT 'EM HOME. I WAS GOING TO MAIL---



YOU LIE.. WHAT! DER.. DER HANGMAN!

YOU'RE THROUGH HUNTER! DROP HIM!

SURE I DROP HIM,
YOU CAN HAFF HIM!

H-A-L-P!
I CAN'T
SWIM!..

HA, HA! YOU VON'T CHASE
ME NOW, HANGMAN. YOUR
DECADENT DEMOCRATIC
SPIRIT VON'T ALLOW A
MAN TO DROWN!

HE'S RIGHT - I
CAN'T LET SMITH
DROWN!

UPWARD AND OUT-
WARD HURTLES
THE HANGMAN,
ABOVE THE
RAGING
STREAM!

THAT TREE! ITS
THE ONLY CHANCE!

GRAB
MY
FEET...
QUICK!

NOW HANG
ON TIGHT
WHILE
I PULL
MYSELF
BACK UP.

THAT
KILLER!
HE'S GONE!

BUT NOT FAR,
SMITTY! COME ON!
I'LL SHOW YOU!

AS THEY RACE
THROUGH THE WOODS
THEY STOP AT THE
SOUND OF A BLOOD
CURDLING SCREAM!

THAT'S THE VOICE OF
THE HUNTER!...

WELL, THERE HE
IS. HE FELL FOR
MY TRAP THIS
TIME WITH
GRIMMER RESULTS
THAN I'D
RECKONED!

HE CAUGHT HIS NECK
IN A VINE - AND
HANGED HIMSELF!

FUNNY, THE HUNTER BEING
HIS OWN HANGMAN. WELL,
THIS TIME I'M SURE HE'S
CLAIMED HIS LAST
VICTIM!

NOW JUST WHERE ARE
THOSE PAPERS, SMITH?

BUT I TOLD THE
TRUTH. I
LEFT
THEM
HOME!

HOME AGAIN...

ARE YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T SEE
'EM, MYRA? SMALL SHEETS
OF FOOLSCAP.

WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO
IN THE FIRST PLACE? I
WROTE MY RECIPES ON
THE BACK OF THEM!

GREAT
SCOTT!
HITLER
AND HIS
GANG OF THIEVES
TRANSACTIONED A
FORTUNE THROUGH
HOWARD!

LATER...

The Chronicle
**HITLER'S TRANSACTIONS
EXPOSED**
By THEMA GORDON
**THE HANGMAN
TODAY UNCOVERED....**

TRANSACTIONS
\$300,000 FOR BUND
\$100,000 TO BRAZIL FOR
SABOTAGE
\$500,000 MARKS TO
ARGENTINE ATT
\$100,000 TO ATTAIN
\$100,000 FOR SABOT

The END

*Special
Case*
#11

DEATH
LOOMS OVER
THE MURKY
WATERS-WATCH-
ING AS THE SEA
COUGHS UP ITS
CARGO OF DEAD
MEN. FOR THE SEA
CAN BE A STRANGE
AND HORRIBLE PLACE
-AND SAILORS CAST
OFF ANCHOR REALIZ-
ING THAT EACH CRUISE
MAY BE THEIR LAST ONE.
THIS IS THE STORY
OF A DEATH CRUISE -
WHERE A SCHOONER
BECAME A FLOATING
COFFIN IN MID-OCEAN...
FOLLOW THE
HANGMAN
AS HE FIGHTS A
GRIM BATTLE
AGAINST EVIL IN
"THE CRUISE
OF THE
SKELETONS"



THE HANGMAN

THE NIGHT IS DARK AND STORMY AS AN INNOCENT-LOOKING SCHOONER FIGHTS ITS WAY THROUGH THE WAVES...

SUDDENLY A COAST GUARD CUTTER MOVES ALONG-SIDE...

INSIDE THE CUTTER...

SAY, THOSE TWO MEN ON THE SCHOONER ARE MOTIONING TO US! PULL ALONG-SIDE! WE'RE BOARDING HER!

AVE, AVE, SIR!

AS THEY BOARD...

HOLY CATS! WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE?

IT WAS TROPICAL FEVER DID IT! FEVER WIPED OUT MY ENTIRE CREW... ALL BUT ME AND MY MATE!

FEVER, EH? TOO BAD... BUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR MATE? WHAT'S HE MAKING THOSE FUNNY MOTIONS FOR?

THE FEVER GOT 'IM TOO! HE'S DEAF AND DUMB!

LATER, AS THE COASTGUARDS MEN LEAVE...

GOOD DAY, SIR!

MIND YOU, I'M NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED WITH YOUR STORY! I DON'T THINK YOU'VE HEARD THE LAST OF THIS!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THELMA'S EDITOR SCANS A RIVAL NEWS-PAPER...

WELL, FOR THE LOVE OF... SCOOPED! I'LL GET THELMA WORKING ON THIS AT ONCE!

DA
MYSTERY MAKES
SCHOONER PORT: CREW OF
SKELETONS
CAPTAIN SAYS:
"LOG BOOK LOST"
MARINE BOARD
TO INVESTIGATE

AND THE FOLLOWING MORNING
THELMA AND BOB DICKERING
ENTER THE MARINE INQUIRY
COURT...

THIS SHOULD BE
INTERESTING,
THEL!



CAPT. MAUP WHIRLS AND...

GET AWAY FROM ME!
GET AWAY, BEFORE I...



MEANWHILE, BOB WATCHES THE MATE...

HOLY HORSE!
LOOK AT HIM JUMP
WHEN THE HORN
BLEW!



BUT HE'S
SUPPOSED TO
BE DEAF! I'D
BETTER GET
TO WORK ON
THIS!



BOB RETURNS TO THELMA...

NOW YOU BE A GOOD
GIRL AND RUN ALONG
HOME - I'VE...UH...GOT
AN APPOINT-
MENT, AN
IMPORT-
ANT AP-
POINT-
MENT!

SO LONG,
THELMA!

SOMEHOW I
WONDER IF MR.
BOB DICKERING
ISN'T TRYING ONE
OF HIS OLD TRICKS
ON ME!

LATER...

I'VE
FOLLOWED
THEM FOR MORE
THAN A MILE AL-
READY! I WONDER
HOW MUCH FUR-
THER THEY'RE
GOING!



FINALLY THE MATE AND
CAPTAIN MAUP SEPARATE
AND THE MATE GOES TO
HIS SHABBY ROOM...

THEN LIKE A HARBINGER OF DOOM,
A BEAM OF LIGHT CUTS THROUGH
THE MURKY DARKNESS, AND THE
SOUL-CHILLING SYMBOL OF THE
HANGMAN IS VIVIDLY ETCHED
ACROSS THE MATE'S FACE - THE
GALLOWS...

YOU CAN DROP YOUR ACT
NOW. YOU'RE NO MORE
DEAF AND DUMB THAN I
AM. THERE'S SOMETHING
ROTTEN ABOUT THIS
WHOLE BUSINESS -
AND YOU'RE GOING TO
TELL ME!



THOSE DEATHS WEREN'T ACCIDENTS, WERE THEY? THEY WERE MURDERS! MURDERS COMMITTED BY YOU AND MAUP! MURDERS FOR WHICH YOU'LL HANG!

I DON'T WANNA HANG! NO! NO! I DIDN'T KILL 'EM! MAUP DID! THAT'S THE TRUTH, SO HELP ME! AND HE WOULD'VE KILLED ME, TOO, IF I HADN'T HID HIS LOG BOOK!

THAT LOG-BOOK IS IN THE CROW'S NEST, AND IT'S GOT ALL THE EVIDENCE YOU NEED. IT'S GOT MORE THAN THAT, TOO! IT TELLS...



AS THE HANGMAN WHIRLS...

HE-HE GOT ME!

SURE I GOT YA, HANGMAN! AND NOW I'LL FINISH YOU OFF!



JUST THEN, THELMA ENTERS...

I KNEW YOU WERE TRYING TO WORK ON THIS CASE ALONE, HANGMAN. OH! GOOD LORD!

WHAT?

AAAE! HELP! POLICE!

BLAST THAT GIRL! SHE'LL HAVE THE PLACE INFESTED WITH COPS! I KNOW ALL I WANT TO, ANYWAY! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!





HA, HA! THE FOOLS 'TRY TO STOP ME, WILL THEY? I'VE GOT MY LOG BOOK BACK, ANOTHER CREW, AND I'M ON MY WAY AGAIN!



INSIDE THE SHIP...

NOTHING CAN STOP ME, NOTHING! I'LL GET TO THAT ISLE OF LOST SHIPS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



AND AS THE CRAZED MAUD FINGERS FEVERISHLY THROUGH THE PAGES, ONCE AGAIN THE SYMBOL OF DOOM APPEARS...

THE... THE GALLOWES!



I'LL TAKE THAT, MAUP!



CAPTAIN MAUP FLINGS A MARLIN-SPIKE...

NO, HANGMAN, YOU'LL TAKE THIS!

PING



I SAID I'LL TAKE THAT LOG BOOK, MAUP.

BAM



AND I DON'T WANT ANY ARGUMENTS!

WHAM



NOW TO GO TO THE CONTROL ROOM AND GET THIS SHIP HEAD-ED BACK TO SHORE!



SUDDENLY...

GRAB THAT GUY! HE WAS FIGHTING WITH THE CAPTAIN!

WAIT A MINUTE! HOLD IT, FELLOWS, YOU'VE GOT THIS WRONG!

YOU'RE SHIPPING WITH A MURDERER! MAUP'S WANTED BY THE POLICE!

IT'S NO USE, HANGMAN! YOU'RE LICKED! I'M THE LAW ON THIS SHIP — AND WHAT I SAY GOES! GRAB HIM, MEN!

OKAY, MAUP — IT LOOKS LIKE I'M LICKED...

...DOESN'T IT?

SLAM

BULLETS RIP THROUGH THE BLACKNESS!

GET HIM! SHOOT HIM DOWN!

BUT THE HANGMAN IS ALREADY OUTSIDE...

OH OH! MORE GUYS IN MY WAY!

BUT NOT FOR LONG!

BANG!
BANG!

MORE MEN RUSH UP AND THE HANGMAN GOES TO WORK

CAN'T YOU GUYS TAKE A HINT?

LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO CLEAN UP THE WHOLE BUNCH OF YOU BEFORE YOU'LL LET ME PASS!

BUT MORE AND MORE MEN ENTER THE FIGHT AND FINALLY...

ONE MOVE AND I'LL SMASH YOUR HEAD RIGHT IN!

NOW, MR. HANG-MAN - I'M GONNA TEACH YOU TO STICK YOUR NOSE INTO MY BUSINESS!

I'VE GOT YOUR FATE ALL PLANNED FOR YOU, HANGSMAN! HEH HEH! AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR FATE IS GOING TO BE?

I'M THE LAW ON THIS SHIP - AND I'M GOING TO HAVE YOU HANGED!..HEH,HEH,HEH! I'M GOING TO BE YOUR HANGSMAN! IT'S SO FUNNY...THAT I.. CAN'T STOP LAUGHING! STRING HIM UP!

WAIT!

GIVE ME A CHANCE TO HAVE MY SAY! YOU SAILORS THINK YOU'RE GOING ON AN ORDINARY CRUISE, DON'T YOU? WELL, YOU'RE WRONG! DEAD WRONG!

YOU'VE HEARD OF THE ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, HAVEN'T YOU? WELL, THAT'S WHERE THIS SHIP IS HEADED - ASK MAUP!







MAUD FALLS INTO THE WATER.



HE'S HALF UNCONSCIOUS FROM THE FALL, HE DOESN'T DESERVE IT - BUT I BETTER GIVE HIM A HAND!



BUT BEFORE THE HANGMAN CAN REACH HIM.

A SHARK!



AAAAAEE!!!



THE HANGMAN IS HELPED INTO THE SHIP...



GRAB HOLD OF THIS ROPE, HANGMAN!

ON THE SHIP THE HANGMAN READS THE LOG BOOK...

THE ENTIRE STORY IS TOLD RIGHT IN THESE PAGES...



ONE DAY THEY CAME TO ME, COMPLAINING...

CAPTAIN, OUR FOOD AND WATER'S RUNNING OUT... AND THE MEN ARE DISCOURAGED! WE GOTTA TURN BACK!



I FIXED THEM! I LASHED THEM UNTIL THE BLOOD RAN, UNTIL THEY BEGGED AND SCREAMED FOR MERCY!!



Every day we were getting closer to the Isle of Lost ships, with its wrecked crafts full of rich cargoes. I knew we'd reach it soon. But my crew was getting restless, uneasy...

"THAT SCARED THEM—MADE THEM KNOW THAT I WAS THE BOSS!! NOW GET BACK TO YOUR STATIONS, AND DON'T COME WHINING TO ME AGAIN!"



"THEN, THREE DAYS LATER, THEY DID COME WHINING AGAIN, AND THIS TIME I DECIDED TO TEACH THEM A STRONGER LESSON..."



"YOU SWINE! THIS TIME I'LL KILL YOU!"

"BUT THREE OF THEM RUSHED ME, AND I RAN TO MY CABIN..."



"WHERE I GOT MY MACHINE GUN AND RIDDLED THE RATS..."



"DIE! HEH HEH HEH! ALL OF YOU!"

"THEN I TOOK THE REST OF THE WHINING CREW AND LOCKED 'EM UP IN THE DAMP AND SLIMY BRIG..."



"NOW, YOU SWINE! LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE LIVING ON ONE CUP OF WATER AND ONE SLICE OF BREAD A DAY..."



"GREED MADE HIM A MURDERER—AND AS A MURDERER, HE DIED! THAT'S THE ETERNAL FATE OF ALL KILLERS—DEATH! IT'S A PITY THEY FIND OUT TOO LATE... THAT IT DOESN'T PAY!"

I taught 'em, all right. They died, all of them with their tongues hanging out, and so skinny that their skin clung to their bones. The ones with bullets in 'em I threw overboard. I never found the Isle of Lost Ships. But I'll find it some day. I'll find it some day.

"THAT'S ALL IT SAYS! BUT MAUP'LL NEVER FIND HIS... ISLE OF LOST SHIPS NOW!"



The End

THE HANGMAN

AND
THE RETURN OF
**TYRANNOSAURUS
REX**

THIS IS THE HANGMAN'S STRANGEST CASE.....ONCE AGAIN, THE HANGMAN BATTLES A KILLER...BUT THIS TIME THE KILLER IS AS BIG AS A CITY BLOCK AND AS STRONG AS A THOUSAND MEN! THIS KILLER CAN'T BE HARMED...FOR KNIVES AND GUNS AND CANNON CANNOT PIERCE HIS SCALY SKIN! AND THIS KILLER IS A MILLION YEARS OLD! READ THE STORY OF THE HANGMAN VERSUS TYRANNOSAURUS REX, NATURE'S MOST HORRIBLE CREATION !



**EXTRA
EXTRA
EXTRA**

**SCIENTIST FINDS
LIVE PREHISTORIC
MONSTER....**

RETURNING TO
AMERICA TO-
DAY

AT THELMA GORDON'S APARTMENT...

IT'S SO UNBELIEV-
ABLE, BOB... WHY,
THE TYRANOSAURUS
HAS BEEN EXTINCT
FOR A MILLION
YEARS OR
MORE!

I DON'T KNOW,
THELMA... DR.
GONIG'S A
VERY RELIABLE
SCIENTIST!

BUT THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.
DR. GONIG'S BOAT IS
DOCKING AT TWO
O'CLOCK, WE CAN
JUST MAKE IT!

I'M RIGHT
WITH YOU,
BOB!

AND AT THE DOCK....

HEY, BUD—
WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE? WHY IS
EVERYBODY STAND-
ING AROUND?

DON'T YOU READ NEWS-
PAPERS, MISTER? DR. GONIG'S
BRINGING BACK ONE O' THEM PRE-
HIST-ORIC MONSTERS FROM
AFRICA!

MINUTES LATER, DR. GONIG SPEAKS
TO THE CROWD....

I SUPPOSE YOU ALL WANT TO HEAR
ABOUT HOW I DISCOVERED THE TY-
RANOSAURUS REX. I CAME UPON HIM
SUDDENLY IN A HIDDEN MOUNTAIN PASS
IN AFRICA... ONE GREAT REPTILE LEFT
OF ALL THOSE WHO ROAMED
THIS EARTH IN 1,000,000 B.C.!

... I WAS ABLE TO CAPTURE HIM
BECAUSE HE CAUGHT HIS FOOT IN A
CREVICE... AND HE'D PROBABLY BEEN
THERE FOR DAYS AND WAS WEAK
WITH HUNGER. OTHERWISE... WELL,
YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHEN YOU SEE
HIM! YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY HE
WAS NAMED TYRANOSAURUS REX:
LITERALLY... KING OF THE TERRIBLE
LIZARDS.

PLEASE STAND BACK NOW!
WAY BACK, PLEASE! THE
CRATE CONTAINING MY DIS-
COVERY IS BEING LOWERED!

SLOWLY THE HUGE CRATE IS
LOWERED TO THE GROUND...

GEE, LOOK AT
THE SIZE OF
THAT CRATE!

GREAT
SCOTT!

POLICEMEN PUSH BACK THE CROWD...

STAND BACK! COME ON!
COME ON, GET BACK NOW!



AND AT THE EDGE OF THE CROWD...

THAT GRATE IS BIG, ISN'T IT, THEL?

ENORMOUS!
SOMEHOW IT MAKES ME FRIGHTENED...



SUDDENLY...THE HEAVY SUSPENSION WIRES SNAP..!

LOOK OUT!

S
N
A
P



AND...

GRAAAHH

THE MONSTER IS LOOSE...!!!



MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN ARE CRUSHED UNDERFOOT AS THE HUGE MONSTER CHARGES FORWARD.....

AND SUDDENLY, THROUGH THE CROWD RUNS THE HANGMAN!

THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO ATTACK THAT MONSTER...! WAIT! I'VE GOT IT!



I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!



QUICKLY, THE HANGMAN LEAPS INTO A NEARBY DOCK CRANE....

THIS HAD BETTER WORK!

AND SETS THE GREAT MACHINE INTO MOTION....

SURE HOPE MY AIM IS GOOD!

THE MACHINE FINDS ITS MARK....

BUT...

CRRRUNCH

IT... DIDN'T EVEN HURT HIM. HE'S GOING TO CHARGE!

THE MONSTER SMASHES AGAINST THE DOCK CRANE, AND THE HANGMAN SAILS THROUGH THE AIR... RIGHT INTO THE WATER.....

AND WHEN HE EMERGES...

THE TYRANNOSAURUS IS GONE!

GREAT CAESAR! LOOK AT THE TEETH ON THIS CRANE SHOVEL...THEY'RE BENT RIGHT IN!



EMERGENCY SQUADS AND AMBULANCES COME TO THE AID OF THE PEOPLE CRUSHED AND MANGLED BY THE MONSTER.....

AND AS DAYS PASS, NEWSPAPER HEADLINES TELL A HORRIBLE STORY.....

STEP IT UP, BILL! WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST TO SAVE SOME OF THESE PEOPLE!

I.... KNOW, TOM! OVER A HUNDRED ARE DEAD ALREADY!



AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON... THE MONSTER MOVES THROUGH THE UNITED STATES.... KILLING AND SMASHING EVERYWHERE.....

MEANWHILE, THE HANGMAN READS... AND PONDERES....

I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS SOMEHOW.... IN SOME WAY... LET ME THINK! LET ME THINK!



FUNNY...HIS GOING TO CITIES LIKE BALTIMORE AND DETROIT AND SAN FRANCISCO ! I WOULD HAVE EXPECTED HIM TO HEAD FOR SOME SWAMP LAND..... LIKE LOUISIANA, FOR INSTANCE.....

THEN MAYBE...NO, THAT'S FANTASTIC ! BUT THIS WHOLE BUSINESS IS FANTASTIC ! LET'S SEE NOW...HE WAS LAST SEEN IN PHILADELPHIA...NOW IF MY THEORY IS CORRECT....

HE OUGHT TO BE HEADED FOR GAMDEN, NEW JERSEY...WHERE THE WILLEX DEFENSE FACTORY IS LOCATED ! I'M GOING TO BEAT HIM THERE !



LATER AS HENRY SELLY, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE WILLEX FACTORY SITS AT HIS DESK....

SELLY TURNS AND....

WH...WHAT DO YOU WANT ?

THERE'S THE MAN I'VE GOT TO SEE !



YOUR PLANT IS IN GREAT DANGER ! THE TYRANNOSAURUS REX IS HEADED THIS WAY !

GOOD LORD ! WE'D BETTER WARN THE WORKERS AT ONCE !



THE HANGMAN ADDRESSES THE
WILLEX EMPLOYERS.....

...THE MONSTER'S ALREADY KILLED
A THOUSAND PEOPLE AND WRECKED
DOZENS OF BUILDINGS AND FACTORIES-
I NEED YOUR HELP TO DESTROY HIM.
I'M ASKING YOU TO RISK YOUR LIFE!
WILL YOU
HELP ME?

DID YOU HEAR WHAT
HE SAID? A CRACK
AT THE MONSTER!

MY KID BROTHER
WAS KILLED WHEN
THAT BIG LIZARD
FIRST ESCAPED!

THEN WHAT ARE WE
WAITING FOR?

LET'S
GET GOING!

THANKS, MEN! WE'LL ATTACK THE
MONSTER WITH TANKS....BE READY
FOR HIM AS SOON
AS HE APPEARS!

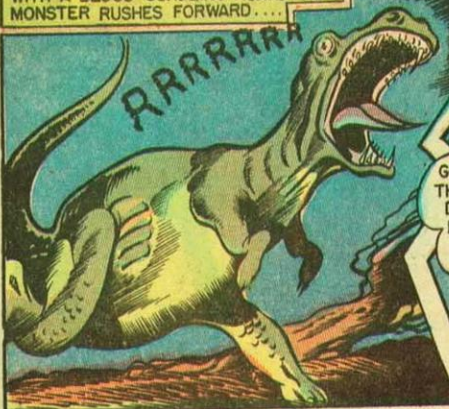
MINUTES LATER, A HUGE TANK ARMADA ROLLS
OUT TO MEET THE ENEMY.....

....JUST IN TIME, FOR SUDDENLY--AN EARTH-
SHATTERING ROAR.....

RRRRR

....AND THE STRANGEST BATTLE OF ANY WAR BEGINS
.... MONSTER AGAINST MACHINES!

WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING ROAR, THE MONSTER RUSHES FORWARD....



A HAIL OF BULLETS MEETS HIM, BUT HE DOESN'T FALTER....

GOOD LORD, THE BULLETS DON'T EVEN HARM THE MONSTER!



DEATH...FOR THE TANK DRIVERS, AS THE TYRANNOSAURUS' MIGHTY TAIL AND CLAWS SMASH AND SPLINTER THE SMALL TANKS!



AND IN ONE OF THE TANKS...



THE HANGMAN LIFTS HIS GUN AND....

HE'S KILLING THE MEN AS FAST AS THEY COME AT HIM! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING PRONTO!



OH, OH! LOOKS LIKE HE'S PICKED ME FOR THE NEXT CASUALTY!



MAYBE I'LL CHANGE HIS MIND!



BULLETS SMASH INTO THE
MONSTER, BUT HIS GLAWS
CONTINUE TO DECEND...

AND AS THEY HIT THE
TANK...

THE HANGMAN LANDS ON THE
HARD GROUND....

..... MY
CUE TO GET
OUT OF HERE!

THEN, WHEN HE RISES TO A
SITTING POSITION....

HOLY HANNAH!

WHAT'S THAT STUFF
LEAKING OUT OF THE
MONSTER'S PAW?

IT'S...IT'S OIL! THIS
MONSTER'S A PHONY!

IT'S RUNNING AWAY!
I MUST HAVE SHATTERED
AN OIL LINE!

RETREATING, PAL?
WELL, I DON'T
THINK YOU'LL GET
VERY FAR!



NOW LET'S SEE
IF I CAN MOUNT
HIM!



HERE I
COME!



...READY...

JUST AS I THOUGHT! THIS
EYE'S MADE OF GLASS!



...OR NOT!



THE WHOLE THING'S CRYSTAL CLEAR TO ME
NOW! NO WONDER THE MONSTER SHOWED UP
IN CITIES LIKE BALTIMORE AND ALL THOSE
OTHERS! THEY'RE VITAL DEFENSE CITIES...AND
THE MONSTER DESTROYED FACTORIES AND
ARSENALS!...I'M GOING TO PUT A STOP TO
THIS RIGHT NOW!



THAT'S THE BOY. OPEN
YOUR MOUTH... SO I
CAN WALK RIGHT IN!



THE HANGMAN ENTERS
THE MOUTH...

INSIDE THE TYRANNOSURUS...
DR. GONIG...

TH-THE HANG-
MAN'S NOOSE!

WELL! LOOK
WHO'S DOWN THERE!

WHAT? WHO
SAID THAT?



YES, THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE,
GONIG... THE SYMBOL OF YOUR
DOOM. AS A NAZI AND TRAITOR
TO YOUR COUNTRY... YOU'LL
DIE!

BUT I THINK I'LL
GIVE YOU A LITTLE
WORKING OVER FIRST!



A FOURTH NAZI SNEAKS UP FROM
BEHIND, AND.....

AND HERE'S A LITTLE
SOMETHING FOR YOU
BOYS!

INTERFERING
FOOL!



MEANWHILE, THE CONTROLS HAVE BEEN
NEGLECTED, AND THE FAKE MONSTER RUSH-
ES TOWARD A STEEP PRECIPICE!

INSIDE...

ALL RIGHT, CARL!
PUT A BULLET THROUGH
HIS HEAD!

SUDDENLY THE MONSTER LURCHES
HALF OVER THE PRECIPICE AND
THE NAZIS ARE HURTLING TO ONE
CORNER.....

VOT--VOT'S
HAPPEN-
ING?

GOOD LORD!
WE'LL BE KILLED!



THE HANGMAN RECOVERS
CONSCIOUSNESS....

QUICK! RUN TO THE OTHER
END! OUR WEIGHT'LL
BALANCE IT!



QUICKLY, THE HANGMAN RUNS TO ONE OF THE
MONSTER'S CLAWS AND.....

THEIR WEIGHT'LL NEVER
BE ENOUGH! WE'RE SURE
TO CRASH!

THIS'LL SERVE
AS AN ARMOR
WHEN WE FALL!



THE NAZIS REACH THE OTHER END
OF THE MECHANICAL MONSTER...

BUT...

WE'RE FALLING!

NOW WE'LL
BE SAFE!

THE REMAINING WILLEX
WORKERS STARE....

HOLY CATS!
THE MONSTER'S
SPLIT RIGHT
OPEN!

IT...IT'S
MADE OF IRON!
IT'S A PHONY!

COME ON! LET'S
RUN OVER THERE
AND EXAMINE IT!

SO IT WAS A NAZI
TRICK, EH? WELL,
THEY'RE ALL DEAD
NOW!

SUDDENLY.....

LOOK! THAT--
THAT CLAW'S
MOVING!

AND OUT OF THE WRECKAGE EM-
ERGES... THE HANGMAN!

THE NAZIS HAVE FAILED AGAIN! BUT
THIS TIME WE'RE GOING TO SEND
THEIR WEAPON OF DESTRUCTION RIGHT
BACK TO THEM... IN THE FORM OF
BOMBS! THERE'S ENOUGH SCRAP
METAL HERE TO BLAST BERLIN
OUT OF THIS
WORLD!

THE END

DEATH BY REMOTE CONTROL

A HANGMAN STORY

THE reporters from the Globe, Sun-Telegram, and Chronicle poised their pencils. The Hangman was about to make a statement to the District Attorney:

"D.A., I've compiled a list of the criminals who are on the loose . . . and the crimes they're responsible for. I've run up against quite a few," said the Hangman smilingly, "but my memo pad contains those I haven't put where they belong! Tomorrow night that list will be in your hands!"

In the labyrinth of the underground, four mobsters nervously puffed at their cigarettes. A crumpled late edition of the Globe lay on the table. At last the Slugger spoke:

"Guess it's all up, boys! I'm movin' outa town—you comin' along?"

"You bet," growled one of the gangsters, the Weasel, as he was known.

"Count me in," added Johnnyboy. Johnnyboy looked so young, but his mind was warped with the desire to kill. Often the Slugger had thought his trigger-finger was too itchy; perhaps he'd get rid of Johnnyboy some day.

"I'm with you Slugger," remarked Lucky Lou. "This town ain't gonna be safe if de Hangman hands in my name."

The Slugger rose to his feet, went to the inner room, closed the door behind him . . . and reached for the telephone.

After what seemed an eternity, Slugger came out, a smile on his face.

"I just been speakin' to the Hangman. I know he hangs out with that Thelma Gordon

dame. Well, it's all fixed . . . every man has his price, and the Hangman's gonna be reasonable. I want you boys to pick him up at Triangle Square at eleven tonight. Hey, Johnnyboy, run out and get me a coke, will ya?" As Johnnyboy ran out, the three remaining mobsters stared knowingly at each other, and bent forward, intent upon their plans.

Later, as a white moon picked out the city with milky light, the two beady eyes of the black sedan blinked as it pulled up at the Square. A muscular hooded figure stood under a street-lamp, arms akimbo . . . The Hangman!

Three masked men stepped out of the car. A hasty conversation ensued, and the men allowed themselves to be frisked.

"I hope you don't mind," said the Hangman, "but I want to make sure you lads aren't double-crossing me!"

Satisfied, the Hangman climbed in, followed by the others. The rear door slammed shut, and the black sedan slipped into the night.

Minutes ticked by . . . they were nearing the edge of town. Soon the coast-line darted into view. A hundred yards away stood a deserted light-house on a fringe of rock. The Hangman was aware of the roaring of the surf, hundreds of feet below. The car pulled up.

"Here's de hideout—everybody out!"

"You go wid de Hangman, Johnnyboy," spoke a harsh voice. "We just wanna turn de car round, and we'll be right witha!"

"Sure, Lucky," replied

Johnnyboy. He also wore a mask, but his slight youthful frame was unmistakable.

Suddenly shots pierced the night, blackness enveloped Johnnyboy as he sank to the ground. Grazed, the Hangman whipped about to charge his attackers, when—two more shots flashed towards him. He doubled up on the moist earth.

Lucky Lou and Weasel ran up to where the two bodies lay stretched out! "Too bad we hadda knock off Johnnyboy," remarked the Weasel soberly. "He was a good kid—mebbe he had an itchy trigger-finger, but he was a good kid!"

"Orders is orders," said Lucky Lou laconically. "Slugger says bring 'em out to dis lonely spot, an' bump 'em off together—so's Hangman won't get suspicious—an' we did jus' that! Boy whatta day this'll be for all my pals in town—think of it, Weasel; the Hangman's dead."

"Come on, let's not nang around de Hangman, Lucky! Grab dat memo book Slugger wants, an' let's scam."

The deft fingers of Lucky Lou, ex-pickpocket, and now lock-pick-er extraordinary, frisked the Hangman's recumbent form.

"I get it!"
"Okay, dump 'em inna sea—both of 'em!"

"We gotcher memo book, Slugger!" cried Weasel, as the pair returned from their mission of murder. "An' de Hangman never got wise we hadda rod hid inna steering-wheel!"

"Hand it over, Weasel," answered Slugger. "What did you do with the bodies?"

"We threw 'em both inna sea, like you told us!"

"S.A-Y! You lousy mugs—this ain't the memo book I want! This is some screwy address-book! Weasel! Get that stupid carcass of yours over to the Hangman's house and search it thoroughly! I'VE GOT TO HAVE THAT BOOK!"

It seemed so easy to gain access to the house. But Weasel had been there three hours, and not a sign of the memo book. If he returned without it, he knew Slugger would deal him out of the game. As it was, Johnnyboy was gone . . . and now—

Suddenly the door swung wide. The Weasel turned, and what met his eyes froze his senses like the grip of an icy hand! For there, dripping with water, and with seaweed hanging from his arms and neck, was the Hangman!

"I've come back from the dead, Weasel!" Chilling words dropped mercilessly upon the terrified Weasel. Slowly the Weasel retreated; there was another door at the far end of the room—he'd escape that way. But as he neared it, the grim harbinger of doom, *the gallows*, flashed across the door. Quaking with fear, the Weasel held his ground.

"Do you know what dying feels like, Weasel?" asked the form of the Hangman. "Hot bullets scorching, your brains numb, and then the long downward fall into the cold, cold water—choking, gasping for life, and finally, life ebbs, and you are a dead, numbed, skin-blue husk, churning along with the tide—lifeless!"

Weasel's blood pounded at his temples, his eyes became glazed orbs, his entire body

shook. "I didn't killya, honest, Hangman, honest I didn't! It was Lucky Lou who done it, honest! N-no, don' come any closer, DON'T! I was only obeyin' orders from the Slugger! He wants dat memo book o' yours!" The form of the Hangman advanced, and a hand covered with slime and seaweed extended towards the quaking Weasel. Weasel shrieked, and blindly thrashed his way to the street.

"Get rid of Weasel fast!" muttered Slugger to Lucky Lou after he'd listened to the tale. "Hangman coming back from the dead! This job's just gone to Weasel's head—we can't use him any more." A swift blow on the skull, and Weasel's inert body was strapped onto a chair, his feet placed in a wooden wash-bowl. Cement poured in, and when it had hardened, two shapes carried the unconscious form to the river, and the last the night heard of Weasel was a large splash . . . Weasel was through!

"Where to now, Slugger?" asked Lucky Lou as the pair raced along in their sedan. "State Cemetery, Lucky! I went down to the morgue this morning, and was told a man with the build of the Hangman had been found off shore. Someone claimed the body, and it was buried this afternoon! The Hangman *must* have had that memo book on him! I got to get it!"

The crunch of two spades into the newly filled in earth echoed against the side of a white mausoleum nearby. "This ain't my idea of a pleasant evening," muttered Lucky Lou. "Boy, this place gives me the jitters!"

"DOES IT, LUCKY?" The

metallic coldness of the voice of doom rang out in the darkness. Both thugs stopped their work, holding their breath. An eerie green glow fastened itself to their faces—*the gallows!*

"H-Hangman!" choked the Slugger! "I th-thought you were d-dead!"

"I had on a nice brand of bullet-proof vest, Slugger! And the man who was found in the sea and supposedly buried here—well, the guard at the morgue was an FBI man. I've been on your trail for months!"

"You won't get me!" With the desperation of the doomed, Slugger lunged at the Hangman, his spade swung high. As it crashed down, the Hangman side-stepped neatly . . . and the weapon of iron and wood crunched into Lucky Lou's head. Slugger had killed Lucky Lou!

The Slugger gasped, his hand clenched over his heart: "G-got to g-get that note-book . . . GOT TO!" In an instant Slugger keeled over.

Suddenly the awesome scene was broken by the arrival of the FBI. Slugger opened his eyes, and murmured: "Th-the note-book, where is it?"

"*There never was any, Slugger!*" replied the Hangman. "But I knew you would come out of hiding if you thought there was one! Fear—fear that your past was catching up to you brought about the deaths of Weasel, Johnnyboy, Lucky Lou, and finally . . . you, Slugger! The noose of the gallows will fit right over your head!"

"N-no, n-not the gallows," whispered Slugger. All at once he gave a little scream, and fell over . . . dead.

ROY and DUSTY

The Boy Buddies

SPECIAL
CASE
#7



FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

YOUR BUY
STAMPS & BONDS
HERE!
BUT DO YOU THINK ROY AND
DUSTY ARE READY TO SERVE
YOU NOW? WITH MARY
EYES PASSING BY, ALL
WHY, EVEN THE MINUTE
MAN CAN'T HELP BUT TAKE
A LOOK... SO LET'S DO
THE SAME AND SEE
WHAT HAPPENS TO MARY...

HELP! POLICE!
HE STOLE MY
HANDBAG!



COME ON, ROY,
LET'S CATCH
THIS PURSE-
SNATCHER!

RIGHTO,
DUSTY!



cowieeuhman



RUN THAT WAY, ROY! I'LL GET HIM FROM BEHIND!

PURSUED BY THE BOY BUDDIES, THE THIEF MAKES A DASH ACROSS THE STREET.



I CAN'T SHAKE OFF THESE BRATS!



TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH A LADY'S HANDBAG, EH? WELL YOU PICKED THE WRONG TIME AND THE WRONG POCKET!



I GOT THE BAG, ROY!

HERE HE IS, OFFICER! WE CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED!



HMM... SOME PERFUME! MUST BE SOME DAME THIS BAG BELONGS TO!



BOYS, DID YOU TAKE MY BAG FROM THAT NASTY PURSE-SNATCHER?

YEAH, LADY, HERE IT IS!



OOOH, YOU WONDERFUL BOYS! I WANT TO THANK YOU SOOO MUCH HMMM... SMACK! SMACK!

AW, SHUCKS LADY, IT WAS NOthin'



EMBARRASSED BY THAT SUDDEN FEMININE EMBRACE ROY AND DUSTY TRY TO BEAT A HASTY RETREAT!

PLEASE, BOYS, DON'T GO AWAY YET! I JUST WANT TO SHOW YOU MY APPRECIATION!

PUFF PUFF
WE FINALLY GOT
RID OF HER ROY!
MAYBE SHE
WOULDN'T BE
SO BAD WITH-
OUT GLASSES!

WELL,
HERE WE
ARE BACK
AGAIN AT
OUR STAND
AND STILL
SHORT OF
OUR WEEKLY
QUOTA OF
SELLING
WAR BONDS!

YEAH,
WE BETTER
MAKE A REAL
BIG SALE...
AND VERY
SOON, TOO!

YOU
KNOW
WHAT?
LET'S GO
TO OLD MAN
POPPINS'.
HIS OFFICE
IS RIGHT
THERE!

HMM...NOT A BAD
IDEA...ONLY I UN-
DERSTAND IT'S
HARDER TO SEE
THAT MAGNATE
THAN THE PRES-
IDENT! BUT I'M
GAME!

MEANWHILE AT
J.P. POPPINS'
OFFICE...

MR. POPPINS, TWO
BOYS ARE HERE
TO SEE YOU ABOUT
BUYING SOMETHING
OR OTHER!

WHA...WHAT'S
THAT? HARUMPH!

PROBABLY
NOTHING BUT CHARITIES
AND THINGS LIKE THAT.
EVERY TIME SOMEBODY
WANTS TO SEE ME HE
ALSO WANTS SOMETHING
FOR NOTHING! TELL
THEM I'M IN
CONFERENCE!

VERY WELL,
MR. POPPINS!

NOW WHAT
WAS I SAYING,
GENTLEMEN?

SORRY, BOYS,
YOU CAN'T SEE
MR. POPPINS
TODAY! MAYBE
SOME OTHER
DAY!

WHAT?
WHY?

AW, SHUCKS!

BUT, MISS,
WE MUST
SEE HIM! IT'S
VERY IMPORTANT
TO US...MR.
POPPINS IS
VERY INFLU-
ENTIAL AND
WE FEEL...

OH, OH!
DUCK, DUSTY!
HERE COMES
TROUBLE
AGAIN!

OH, HALLOO,
BOYS. WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE?

LOOK, MISS, WILL
YOU STOP FOLLOWING
US AROUND? YOU
THANKED US ONCE...
THAT'S ENOUGH!

TOO MUCH-
I'D SAY!



WELL, LOOK AT THAT! SHE'S GOT SOME NERVE, DUSTY, GOING STRAIGHT INTO THE PRIVATE OFFICE...

WHY CAN SHE GO IN UNANNOUNCED AND WE CAN'T EVEN SEE MR. POPPINS?

PRIVATE
NO ADMITTANCE
WITHOUT A PASS

BECAUSE, MY DEAR BOY, SHE'S ONLY HIS DAUGHTER MARY!



LATER...

HELLO! YOU BOYS STILL WAITING? NOT FOR ME THAT'S SURE!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE DEAD WRONG! YOU'RE JUST THE ONE WE'RE WAITING FOR!

SURE, WE WANT YOU TO HELP US SELL YOUR DAD WAR BONDS!

OH, WHAT A SPLENDID IDEA! I'LL HELP YOU ALL RIGHT! IN FACT I'LL DO MORE THAN THAT. NOW HERE'S A WAY FOR US TO SELL WAR BONDS... NOT ONLY TO DAD, BUT ALSO TO OUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS!

AND SO, DAYS OF FEVERISH ACTIVITY ENSUE, WITH THE BOY BUDDIES BUSY IN THE BARN OF THE POPPINS' ESTATE, AND MARY SENDING OUT INVITATIONS. THEN, ONE DAY...



CHARITY CIRCUS
MARY, DUSTY & ROY, PROD.
20% SENSATIONALLY NU ACTS!!!

STEP THIS WAY, FOLKS! NO ADMISSION CHARGED!

ADMISSION FREE



HOW QUAIN, AGATHA! I WONDER WHAT POPPINS HAS UP HIS SLEEVE?

I DON'T KNOW, MAXWELL! I HAD TO CANCEL MY APPOINTMENT WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS TO ATTEND!

MY WORD! IS THIS THE 'GALA' ENTERTAINMENT POPPINS SPOKE OF IN HIS INVITATION?

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR OUR FIRST NUMBER WE PROUDLY PRESENT THE ONE AND ONLY...

SMARTO
THE
ADDING HORSE

WHILE BACKSTAGE...
PLEASE, DUSTY, I
DISTINCTLY REMEMBER
THAT YOU YOURSELF
WANTED TO
PLAY THE
BACK OF THE HORSE!

NO NO! I DID
NOT! YOU SAID
YOU WOULD
TAKE THE
BACK!

AND NOW
SMARTO WILL
MAKE HIS
ENTRANCE!

ALL RIGHT! YOU GET THE
FRONT AND I'LL HANDLE THE
REAR, BUT DON'T FORGET - ONE
FALSE MOVE AND WE'LL
CHANGE PLACES!

LET GO,
DUSTY,
WILL
YOU?



AND HERE IS SMARTO,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...
THE ONE AND ONLY ADDING
HORSE WHO WILL SURPRISE
YOU WITH HIS TRICKS!
SAY "HELLO" TO YOUR
AUDIENCE, SMARTO!

GO AHEAD,
SMARTO, TAKE
A BOW!

WHILE MARY
PUTS SMARTO THROUGH
HIS PACES, ROY AND
DUSTY CHOKO AND
STRUGGLE TO KEEP THEIR
HORSE IN SHAPE...

HELLO,
FOLKS!



WATCH OUT,
ROY! WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

ALL RIGHT,
WISE GUY,
TAKE THAT!

OH MY! WHAT
ARE YOU BOYS
DOING? NOW LOOK
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOUR HORSE!

OooooHHHHH



WHEN THEY FINALLY STRUGGLE
TO THEIR FEET, THE HORSE
IS ALL TWISTED...

LET GO, YOU HORSES!
TAIL, WILL YA?

I CAN'T! STOP,
ROY, YOU'LL
TEAR THE HORSE
APART!

AND AMIDST
ROARING LAUGH-
TER, ROY AND
DUSTY END THEIR
TUG-O-WAR BY
TAKING A SPILL!

MINUTES LATER, ROY
AS MASTER OF CER-
MONIES ANNOUNCES...

LADIES AND GENTLE-
MEN, FOR OUR NEXT
NUMBER WE GIVE YOU
THE 8TH
WONDER
OF THE WORLD!



ATOP THE
STAGE, ON A
PLATFORM,
DUSTY
WAITS FOR
THE SIGNAL
TO MAKE THE
DOG WITH A
FISH MASK
OVER HIS
HEAD JUMP.

"MUGGSO" WILL
DIVE FROM A HEIGHT
OF MORE THAN 20
FEET INTO A SMALL TUB
OF WATER... HE NEVER
MISSES, LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN!



GEE, I HOPE WE
MAKE A BETTER SHOWING
THIS TIME OR WE'LL BE
THE LAUGHING STOCK OF
THE WHOLE TOWN!

BUT LOOK — IN HIS PREOC-
UPATION, DUSTY SWISHES
HIS POLE AROUND,
RIGHT INTO A
HORNET'S
NEST...

AND YOU KNOW WHAT'S
GOING TO HAPPEN
NOW... WELL, TURN THE
PAGE AND SEE FOR
YOURSELF...





AND WITH A MIGHTY JUMP, MUGGSO FLIES THROUGH THE AIR...



RIGHT INTO MRS. RICHITCH'S PINK LEMONADE...



WITH A LOUD SHRIEK, MRS. RICHITCH BACKS AWAY FROM THE SPRAY, AND.....

WHY, YOU STUPID CLUMSY BRATS...YOU'VE RUINED THE LEMONADE, AND.... OOF!

CLONK



HURRY UP, ROY! GRAB THE TUB! OOOOH! LOOK, MRS. RICHITCH IS GETTING ALL WET!

HA HA HA, THAT'S THE FUNNIEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN. MRS. RICHITCH TAKING A SHOWER WITH HER CLOTHES ON!

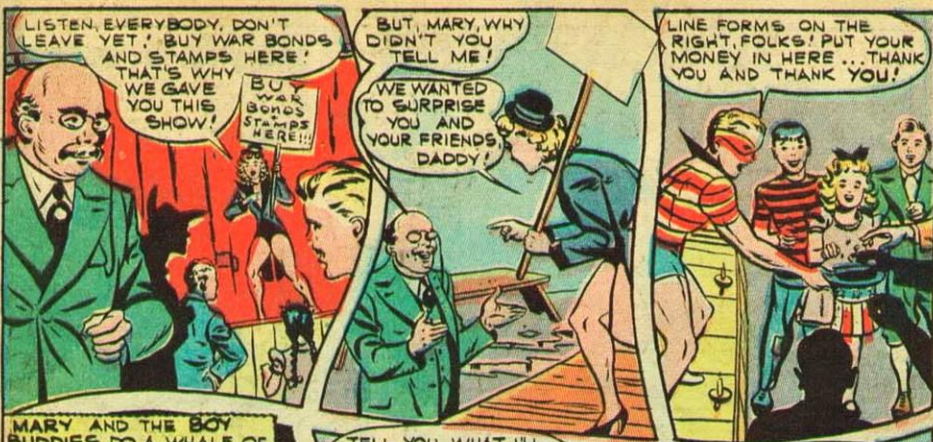


WOOF WOOF WOOF



SOB SOB OH, MY GOSH! THAT'S THE END! ...WHAT A FLOP WE MADE OF IT...WHAT A MESS...AND THE AUDIENCE IS GETTING UP TO LEAVE!





LISTEN, EVERYBODY, DON'T LEAVE YET! BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS HERE! THAT'S WHY WE GAVE YOU THIS SHOW!

BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS HERE!!!

BUT, MARY, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME!

WE WANTED TO SURPRISE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS, DADDY!

LINE FORMS ON THE RIGHT, FOLKS! PUT YOUR MONEY IN HERE ... THANK YOU AND THANK YOU!

MARY AND THE BOY BUDDIES DO A WHOLE OF A BUSINESS, SELLING ALMOST ALL THEIR SUPPLY OF STAMPS AND BONDS...

LET ME HAVE TEN OF THESE!

TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO, BOYS! JUST BECAUSE I HAD SUCH A SWELL TIME, I'LL BUY ALL YOU HAVE LEFT!

SEEING MRS. RICHITCH DOING A SOMERSAULT WAS WORTH MORE THAN THAT!



WELL, FOLKS, WE HOPE YOU, TOO, LIKED OUR LITTLE SHOW! WE SURE DID OUR BEST!

AND FOR A GOOD CAUSE, TOO!

YES, MARY, YOU SAID IT! HOW'S ABOUT IT, GANG? BUY BONDS TO BEAT THE BUND AND STAMPS TO LICK THE AXIS! LET'S GIVE AS MUCH AS WE CAN BECAUSE WE WILL, WE MUST BEAT THE AXIS!

DO YOUR SHARE TODAY! BUY RIGHT NOW UNTIL IT HURTS!

WOOF WOOF MEANING IT CAN'T HURT YOU AS MUCH AS IT DOES HITLER!!



the END

JUNIOR FLYING CORPS



COME ON,
BOYS AND GIRLS.
GET INTO THE
PLANE!

YES, BOYS
AND GIRLS. IF
YOU HAVEN'T JOINED
THE JUNIOR
FLYING CORPS
YET, YOU'RE MISSING
A SWELL OPPOR-
TUNITY! HERE'S YOUR
CHANCE TO JOIN
AN ACTIVE
CLUB-- A CLUB
FOR AMERICANS!

MEMBERSHIP LIST

RAY SANCHEZ 915 N.22 ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.
ART SCHILLER 2924 PULASKI, CHICAGO, ILL.
BILL SMITH 320 S. 44 ST. PHILA., PA.
W. SOELLNER 281 NORTHWOOD, RIVERSIDE, ILL.
LEORA SQUIRES, BOX 554, FORSYTH, MONT.
D. THOMPSON, 1744 S. 9TH, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
D. THOMPSON, 55 RICHARD, PASSAIC, N.J.
J. THOMPSON, 55 RICHARD, PASSAIC, N.J.
JOHN TORBET, SUMMITVILLE, COLORADO
PERCY VALLEY, RT. 1, BOX 36, BARTON, VT.
D. VOGEL 1234 JEFFERSON AV.,
HUNTINGTON, W. VIRGINIA
HERB WAVE 770 PINE, CAMDEN, N.J.
JOAN WHITE 17, N. CHESTER, BALTIMORE

MELVIN ADLER 906 E 173 ST. N.Y. CITY
JADONIA ANTEPI, PLEASANTVILLE
COLLEGE SCHOOL, PLEASANTVILLE, NY
WM. ARNETT, BOX 463, RT. 1, OSWEGO, ORE.
MILTON BECK, 39 W. MAIN ST., ADAMSTOWN, PA.
JIM BENEDON, 1379 TELLER AV. BRONX, N.Y.
HERB BLITZ, 2635 S. SHERIDAN, PHILA., PA.
SELMA BRILL, 11 N. CHESTER, BALTIMORE, MD.
BRUCE BROWN, 2200 AV. A, BEUMONT, TEXAS
GUS CAITO JR. 1517 N. 14 ST. ST. LOUIS, MO.
FRANK DEFEE, 418 VALLEY BROOK, LYNDHURST, N.J.
ALAN COHAN, 683 LENOX RD. BROOKLYN, N.Y.
WM. EGAN, 176 MORELAND, MIDLAND BEACH, FLA.
A. DONLAN, III BRADLEY ST. N. HAVEN, CONN.
BOB GROSS, 283 STEPHANS, BELLEVILLE, N.J.
AL FALKOWSKI, 3 BECKETT AV. SALEM, MASS.
AL FIORANTE 28-08 23 AV. LONG IS. CITY, NY.
CECELIA HENRY 364 FISK, PHILA., PA.
JACK JOHNSON R. 1, UNDERWOOD, IOWA
MILTON KADIS 98 QUITMAN ST., NEWARK, N.J.
TOM KEATING, 4 DIVISION ST., DANBURY, CONN.
JOHN LEED 43 W. MAIN ST. ADAMSTOWN, PA.
LOUISE Lenco 1626 GREEN, PHILA., PA.
JAMES LUCIA 645 STATE, CAMDEN, N.J.
M. MARTIN 2109 S. 24 ST., LINCOLN, NEB.
SAMUEL MASSEY 1661 PITKIN AVE. BKLYN, NY.
ROL MACKAY 535 HICKORY, ALBILENE, TEXAS
JOHN MYERS WINONA, TEXAS
A. PEACEMAN 201 S. MAIN, LIBERTY, N.Y.
A. PEDRICK 1005 1ST AV. NORTHFIELD, N.J.
BOB REFELD 372 KELTON, COLUMBUS, O.
JACK REFELD 372 KELTON, COLUMBUS, O.
EV ROBINSON 1032 5TH AV. MOLINE, ILL.
GERALD ROYCE, PERKINSVILLE, VT.
RONALD ROYCE, PERKINSVILLE, VT.
JOHN RUSHING BOX 11, HAWLEY, TEX.
DON RUSSELL, 31 SCHUYLER, ORANGE, N.J.
NORM SALT 361 18TH AV. PATERSON, N.J.

MARY ANN CAYALLA 5000 HUDSON
BLVD. W. NEW YORK, N.Y.
D. CLARK 348 E. JEFF. AV. STOCKTON, CAL.
E. CONAWAY 583 W. COLLEGE, YORK, PA.
E. EMERSON BOY 22 N. LIMERICK, ME.
L. EVANS 2133 MAURY ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. GINDLER, 1102 N. 6TH ST. AUSTIN, MINN.
J. HALPEN 2410 TUXEDO, DETROIT, MICH.
J. KOVEG, 1082 SOUTHERN, BRONX, N.Y.
E. LADAN 1607 ST. JOHN'S, BKLYN, N.Y.
E. RILEY 4006 JACKSON, KAN. CITY, MO.
H. SPERL 1827 LIGHT, BALTIMORE, MD.
RYASSER 112 FRONT, BEAVER DAM, WIS.

HERE'S HOW YOU JOIN: WRITE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND AGE
ON A PENNY POSTCARD OR LETTER, AND MAIL IT TO **JUNIOR
FLYING CORPS**, ROOM 315, 60 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK CITY.
THEN WATCH **HANGMAN COMICS** FOR YOUR NAME
ON THE MEMBERSHIP LIST.

COME ON, GANG! KEEP THIS CLUB **GROWING!**

ROY AND DUSTY THE BOY BUDDIES

Special
Case
#7

WERE YOU EVER STOPPED BY A SIDEWALK PHOTOGRAPHER WHO SNAPPED YOUR PICTURE AS YOU WALKED DOWN THE STREET TOWARD HIM? WELL, IF THIS OCCURRED AND YOU TOOK THE CAMERAMAN UP ON HIS OFFER TO SELL YOU THE PHOTO HE'D JUST TAKEN, ALL THAT PROBABLY HAPPENED WAS THAT YOU GOT A PRETTY BAD PHOTO BUT THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT ROY OR DUSTY. EXCITEMENT SEEMS TO FOLLOW THEM AROUND. READ ON AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY'RE STOPPED BY A SIDEWALK PHOTOGRAPHER...

AS THE BOY BUDDIES WALK TOWARD THE TREASURY BUILDING TO HAND IN FUNDS THEY COLLECTED IN THE SALE OF DEFENSE STAMPS AND BONDS...

HEY, DUSTY, LOOK!

WELL, WHADDYA KNOW! THAT GUY'S TAKING OUR PICTURE!



HERE Y'ARE, KIDS! SEND TWO BITS TO THE ADDRESS ON THIS CARD AND YOU'LL RECEIVE THE SWELL PICTURE I TOOK OF YOU IN THOSE MASQUERADE COSTUMES... OH, OH, GRAB THIS CARD, WILL YA, KIDS? THERE'S MORE BUSINESS!

NOW LOOK PRETTY, MISTER! I'M TAKING YOUR PICTURE!

GET AWAY FROM ME! I DON'T WANT MY PICTURE TAKEN! GET AWAY!

SUDDENLY...
HEY, DOWN THERE! STOP THAT MAN! HE'S A NAZI SPY!

THE NAZI RIPS A KNIFE FROM HIS POCKET OUT OF MY VAY, BRAT! I'LL FIX YOU!

HEAR THAT ROY? WATCH ME STOP THE GUY!

GO TO IT, DUSTY! I'LL HANDLE THE FOLLOW-THROUGH!

ROY LEAPS FORWARD...

DON'T YOU KNOW IT ISN'T GOOD MANNERS TO PULL KNIVES ON PEOPLE?

PULL THE EMERGENCY CORD, MISTER! THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO!

SOMEBODY MIGHT GET OFFENDED AND PUT YOU RIGHT WHERE YOU BELONG!

JUNK

KLUNK

SCR

THE BOY BUDDIES SEIZE SOME TIRES,
AND GO QUICKLY TO WORK...

I ALWAYS
DID SAY
TIRE-ROLLING
IS FUN!

WELL, HERE'S
ONE MORE SABOTEUR
WHO DIDN'T SUCCEED
IN HIS ROTTEN
CAREER. THE
PLANS ARE
RIGHT IN HIS
POCKET!

FUNNY - HE'S TRYING TO STEAL THOSE
PLANS! HE MUST HAVE KNOWN HE
DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE OF GET-
TING AWAY WITH THEM!... WELL,
THANKS, BOYS, FOR STOPPING HIM!
THE PLANS ARE PLENTY IMPORTANT
TO OUR DEFENSE PROGRAM!

ALL RIGHT,
BUD - MOVE!
AND DON'T
TRY ANYTHING!

I'LL GO QUIETLY.
HEH, HEH, HEH! I'LL
BE GLAD TO GO
ALONG WITH YOU...
NOW!

SAY, DUSTY, I
WONDER WHAT STRUCK
HIM SO FUNNY?

DARNED IF I KNOW!... HOLY
CATS! I GET IT! NO WONDER
THAT PHOTOGRAPHER
BEAT IT AWAY IN SUCH A
HURRY! NOW WHERE'S
THAT CARD HE GAVE US?

MINUTES LATER...

WELL,
THIS IS IT,
DUSTY!

YEAH! BUT WE'D
BETTER NOT GO
IN WEARING OUR
UNIFORMS. LET'S
VISIT THAT PAWN
SHOP ACROSS THE
STREET!

SURE,
BOYS! I
FIX YOU
UP FINE!

JUST OUR LUCK!
VISITORS AT A TIME
LIKE THIS! TOLD
YOU TO LOCK
DER SHOP!

DON'T WORRY,
KULLMAN! I'LL
GET RID OF
DEM!

UNITED
CAMERA
CORP.

SHOOT
TIWAG

ODUT! VE ARE CLOSED
FOR DER DAY! COME
BACK TOMORROW!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!
THESE CAPS AND
GOWNS WERE HIRED
FOR OUR GRADUATION
TODAY, AND WE HAVE TO
RETURN 'EM
SOON!

AND FURTHERMORE, THE
CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT.
WE WANT OUR PICTURES
TAKEN NOW- AND YOU'VE
GOT TO TAKE 'EM NOW!
YOU HEAR? I DEMAND
THAT YOU TAKE OUR
PICTURES RIGHT
THIS MINUTE!

VE'D BETTER
TAKE THE
PICTURES,
KULLMAN! DER
BRAT'S MAKING
SO MUCH NOISE
DOT DER POLICE.

ALL RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT!
TAKE DER
PICTURES -
BUT MAKE
IT SNAPPY!

I'LL POSE
FIRST... AND
BE CAREFUL
WITH MY PICTURE!
WATCH THE HIGHLIGHTS
AND THE SHADOWS... AND THE
UM - HIGHLIGHTS!

ATTABOY,
ROY! YOU
KEEP 'EM
BUSY WHILE
I CRUISE
AROUND!

QUICKLY DUSTY MOVES
INTO A DARK CORNER,
REMOVES THE CAP AND
GOWN, AND HUNTS UNTIL...
HMM-STAIRS! LET'S SEE
WHERE THEY LEAD TO...

... DARKROOM, EH?
THAT'S JUST WHAT
I'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR!

Take Your
Keep Out!

NOW TO
HAVE A LOOK IN
THERE! I SURE
HOPE THIS DOOR
DOESN'T SQUEAK!

WELL, LOOK
WHO'S HERE -
THE SIDEWALK
PHOTOGRAPHER
HIMSELF! LET'S
SEE IF I CAN
HEAR WHAT HE
AND THAT OTHER
GUY ARE
SAYING!



NO, NO--YOU'VE GOT IT ALL
WRONG. TURN MY FACE
TO THE LEFT--NO, NO, NOT
QUITE THAT MUCH--WAIT--
MORE TO THE
RIGHT AGAIN!

AND DOWNSTAIRS...

GOOT! DER PHOTOGRAPHS OF DER
PLANS ARE PERFECT. UND DER
STUPID F.B.I. MEN VILL NEER
GUESS DOT OUR MAN DELIBERATE
LY SACRIFICED HIMSELF SO
THAT YE COULD GET THESE!

SEE?!
TOLD YOU IT
WAS A GOOD
IDEA!

IT'S JUST AS
I THOUGHT!
WHY, THE DIRTY SAB-
OTEURS...
THAT GUY
NEAR THE
TREASURY
WASN'T HIDING
HIS FACE...HE
WAS HOLDING
UP THOSE RANS
SO THAT THE
PHOTOGRAPHER
COULD TAKE A
PICTURE OF THEM
THAT CAMERA-
MAN ONLY TOOK
A PICTURE OF
ROY AND ME TO
AVERT SUSPICION!

MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS...

I'M GONNA GET ROY AND WE'LL
MOP UP THE WHOLE DIRTY BUNCH
OF 'EM!! HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

THAT OIL
CAN'LL PROBAB-
LY BRING 'EM
RUNNING; I'D
BETTER GET
ON THIS
CRATE!!

...FOR JUST
SUCH A PURPOSE
AS...

BOP

THIS!!

YES SIR! I ALWAYS
SAY THE BEST
DEFENSE IS AN
OFFENSE!

AND BACK UPSTAIRS
ACH - YOU ARE
DRIVING US
CRAAAAZY!

BUT I ONLY WANT
TO MAKE SURE
THAT YOU GET
MY PICTURE
RIGHT!

BAM

BANG

SUDDENLY...

VOT'S
DOTNOISE?

IT CAME FROM
DER CELLAR..

YE'D BETTER GO
DOWN UND FIND OUT
VOT'S WRONG!

YAH!

BUT BEFORE THE
NAZI CAN PULL THE
TRIGGER, DUSTY
WHIRLS, AND...

SO
DOT'S
IT!

FIX
HIM
QUICK!

I GOT
HIM!

50K

...UND NOW
TO FINISH
HIM OFF!

WHAT...
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

SUDDENLY...

BOOM

BOOM

BOOM

ALL RIGHT!
DROP THOSE GUNS!
THIS IS THE
POLICE!

YAH:
YAH: YE
DROP
OUR GUNS!

YAH!
DON'T
SHOOT!

VOT...?

I'LL
TAKE THAT
GUN!

GET THE MITTS UP...HIGH!
ALL RIGHT, ROY, YOU CAN
TURN THE LIGHTS ON
NOW!

BOY
OBOY! AM I
GRATEFUL TO
THE INVENTOR
OF FLASHLIGHT
BULBS!

DAILY
SPIES CA
BY BOY B



"Mayor" La Gr
dances the press
Late Wednesday
through the air-
conditioned, 100-
mile canal to
London via the La
graves, at only 10
cents per hour.

BOYS AND GIRLS,
YOU'VE JUST SEEN
HOW ROY AND I
CLEANED OUT A
NEST OF NAZI
SABOTEURS.
NOW HERE'S
YOUR CHANCE
TO GET INTO
THE FIGHT!

25
WAR
DEFENSE
BOND
25

YES, BOYS
AND GIRLS!
HERE'S YOUR
CHANCE TO
HELP SMASH
THE JAPS
AND NAZIS
BY BUYING
WAR STAMPS
AND BONDS!
TAKE EVERY
SPARE CENT
YOU'VE GOT
AND BUY
YOURSELF
A SHARE
IN AMERICA!

The BOY BUDDIES

ROY and DUSTY



by
Scott
Feldman

DON'T LET THIS STORY HAPPEN!

WE'RE LOSING THE WAR. THE GERMANS ARE SHOOTING DOWN OUR PLANES... SINKING OUR SHIPS... KILLING OUR SOLDIERS. WE'VE ONLY A RAGGED HANDFUL OF MEN LEFT IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY, NAVY, AND MARINE CORPS... A HANDFUL OF MEN AGAINST GERMAN MILLIONS. SLOWLY BUT SURELY, THE NAZIS ARE ADVANCING ON OUR SHORES. THEY'VE BOMBED OUR CITIES TIME AND AGAIN. WE CAN'T WIN. WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE AGAINST THEM...

ONE NIGHT AS THE BOY BUDDIES SNATCH A FEW HOURS OF SLEEP IN THEIR NEW YORK APARTMENT...

ROY! ROY! GET UP! THE SIRENS GOING AGAIN!

ANOTHER AIR RAID! THIS IS THE FOURTH ONE THIS WEEK!

LISTEN TO THOSE PLANES, ROY, I-I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT WE'RE ...NOT DOING SO GOOD!
DON'T TALK ABOUT IT, DUSTY! LET'S GO DOWN-STAIRS AND SEE IF WE CAN HELP WITH THE GUNS!



BUT THIS IS THE FINAL RAID ON NEW YORK, FOR ALONG WITH THE PLANES...

... COME SWARMS OF NAZI SOLDIERS THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF KILLERS TO WIPE OUT THE REMAINING AMERICAN MEN...



BY THE FORCE OF NUMBERS, THE NAZIS CRUSH FORWARD...

FOR EVERY NAZI WHO FALLS, FIVE MORE COME UP TO TAKE HIS PLACE...



KILL DEM! KILL DEM! YE MUST TAKE NEW YORK!

GIVE 'EM ALL WE GOT, BILL. IF WE GO DOWN, WE GO DOWN FIGHTING!



AND WITH THE BOY BUDDIES...

WHAT'LL WE DO
NOW, DUSTY? THESE
ARE OUR LAST
SHELLS!

DO IS THERE
ANYTHING WE
CAN DO?

HOURS LATER, GENERAL VON
SHMUTZ TAKES OVER...

THIS ISS A VERY
COMFORTABLE
CHAIR, MAYOR. I
KNEW DOT I
WOULD BE SIT-
TING IN IT SOONER
OR LATER.

I HAF IT ALL PLANNED.
FIRST I VILL TAKE ALL DER
JEWS UND CATHOLICS UND
PUT DEM IN A CENTRAL
CONCENTRATION
CAMP..

ALL RIGHT,
GENERAL--
YOU'VE WON!
WHAT IS YOUR
FIRST MOVE AS
HEAD OF THIS
CITY?

THE FLAG OF SURRENDER
GOES UP OVER CITY HALL...

BUT-- BUT
YOU CAN'T DO
THAT! YOU
CAN'T!

VOT? YOU
QUESTION
MY PLANS?
LIEUTENANT
TAKE CARE
OF HIM!

FINALLY, THE COMMANDING OFF-
ICERS OF THE AMERICAN ARMY
CONFER...

WELL... THIS
IS... IT!

I GUESS IT
IS TOM. WE'RE
THROUGH...



DAYS LATER, THE BOY
BUDDIES MOVE SILENTLY
ALONG ALLEYS AND SIDE
PASSES...

EASY, NOW...
EASY! IF THOSE
KRAUTS SEE US,
WE'LL NEVER
GET TO THE
SHIELD AND
THE WIZARD!

GEE, I HOPE
THEY'RE STILL...
ALIVE! THEY'RE
THE ONLY ONES
TO DO SOMETHING
ABOUT THIS
MESS!



SUDDENLY, NAZI TRUCKS
ROLL ONTO THE ROAD A-
HEAD OF THEM...



BUT...

USE DER
MACHINE
GUN ON DEM,
FRITZ!

YAH!



AND FROM BEHIND A
BUSH...

OKAY PETE...
LET'S GO!



WE HAVEN'T HAD OUR
SHARE OF THE FIGHTING,
NAZIS. WE'RE GONNA
KNOCK OFF A FEW OF
YOU BEFORE WE
GO!



HMM... DIS VUN ISS
NOT DEAD YET. I'LL
FINISH HIM...



THE BOY BUDDIES
LEAP FORWARD...

THIS IS FOR
STARTING TO USE
A BAYONET ON A
DYING MAN!

AND THIS, JUST
BECAUSE I
DON'T
LIKE
YOUR
FACE!

I'LL FIX
DOSE
BRATS!



BUT DUSTY HAS FINISHED
WITH THE BAYONETTING
GERMAN...

NO, I'LL
FIX YOU
PAL!

LET'S GET GOING, ROY!
WE'VE DONE SOME
DAMAGE ANYHOW...

RIGHT
THROUGH THIS
ALLEY. IT
LETS OUT
INTO AN-
OTHER
STREET!

I'M
WITH
YOU,
ROY!

AND AS THE NAZIS
RUN UP...

TAKE THIS IN A JUMP
THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND
US!

ACH! I'M FALLING!

WATCH
OUT!

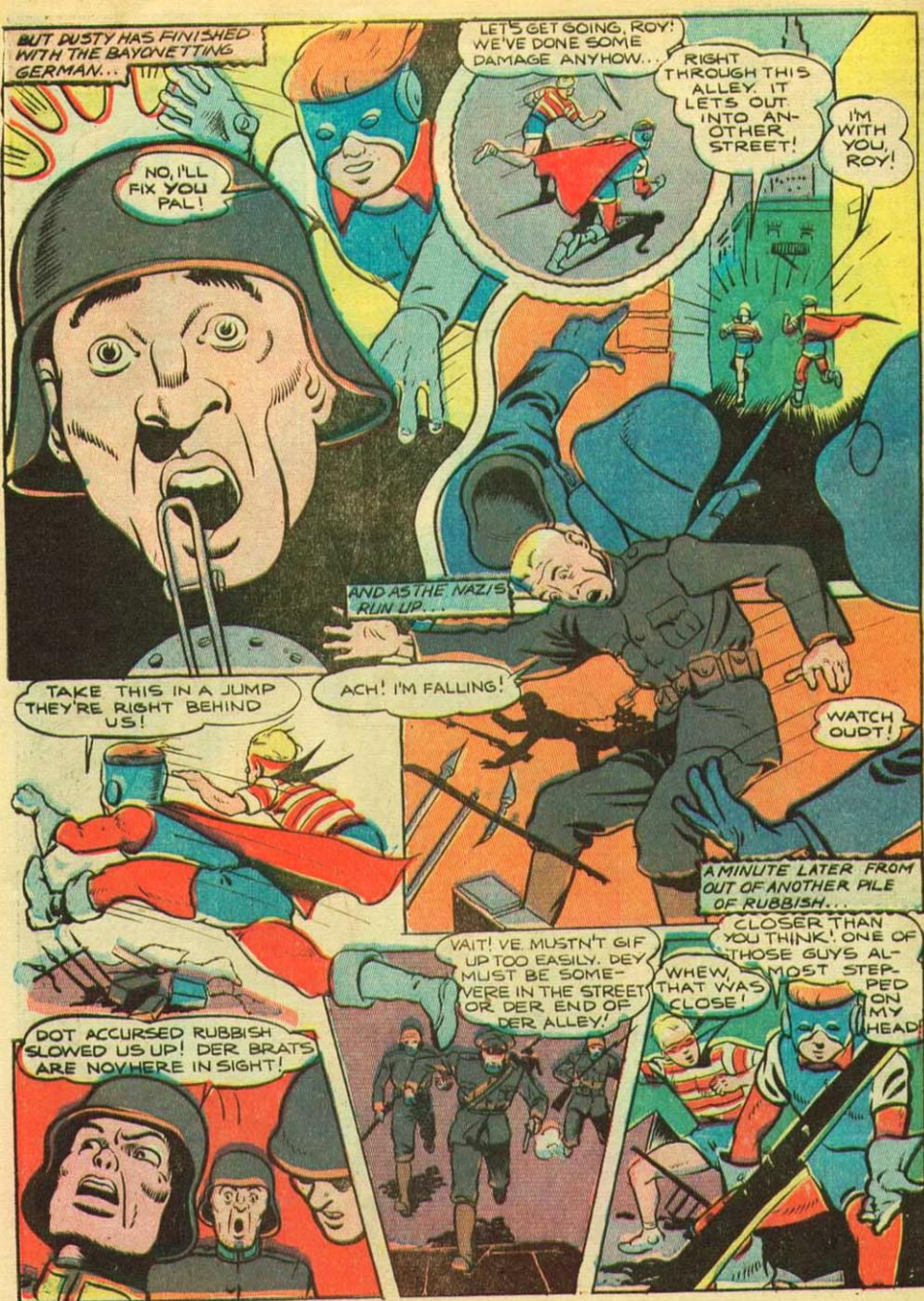
A MINUTE LATER FROM
OUT OF ANOTHER PILE
OF RUBBISH...

VAIT! VE MUSTN'T GEF
UP TOO EASILY. DEY
MUST BE SOME-
WHERE IN THE STREET
OR DER END OF
DER ALLEY!

WHEW,
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

CLOSER THAN
YOU THINK! ONE OF
THOSE GUYS AL-
MOST STEP-
PED ON MY
HEAD!

DOT ACCURSED RUBBISH
SLOWED US UP! DER BRATS
ARE NOYHERE IN SIGHT!



AS THEY CONTINUE TO HEAD TOWARD THE HOME OF THE SHIELD AND THE WIZARD THEY SEE SUDDENLY...



I'M AFRAID... THERE'S NOTHING HERE THAT WE CAN EAT, SON!

THINGS DON'T LOOK SO GOOD, DUSTY!

I GUESS THEY DONT, ROY!

T-THAT'S ALL, MISTER, WE'VE BEEN KIND OF KEEPING IN THE SHADOWS FOR THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS... AND I GUESS WE'RE NOT UP ON THINGS! WHY DO YOU HAVE TO EAT OUT OF BAR-RELS?



AND IN DUSTY TEAR-FILLED EYE IS REFLECTED, FROM ACROSS THE STREET... A BURNING CHURCH...



DUSTY... LOOK!

THE.... THE YANKER STADIUM! WHERE WE USED TO SEE ALL THOSE SWELL BASEBALL GAMES!

I'LL TELL YOU WHY, MY BOY. I'M A JEW! I WAS A PROFESSOR AT THE UNIVERSITY BEFORE THE NAZIS TOOK OVER. THEY THREW ME OUT OF MY HOUSE, LEAVING US WITHOUT FOOD...



WEARILY THEY CONTINUE TO SNEAK ALONG THE STREETS, WHEN...



FINALLY THEY REACH THE APARTMENT OF THE SHIELD, AND THE WIZARD...

WELL, THE BUILDING'S ALL IN ONE PIECE, DUSTY!



THAT'S ONE BIT OF LUCK. KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED THAT THE SHIELD AND THE WIZARD ARE OKAY, TOO!

GEE, IT SOUNDS AWFULLY QUIET IN THERE!

WELL, OPEN IT, WILL YA! OPEN IT! DONT JUST S-STAND THERE!



GOOD GLORY!



GOOT EVENING, BOYS!
COME RIGHT IN! YOU VILL
BE HAPPY TO KNOW DOT YOUR
FRIENDS DER SHIELDUND
DER VIZARD PUT UP A
FIGHT UND VE VERE FORCED
TO KILL DEM..... HANS, DO
AS YOU VERE INSTRUCTED!

DIS TIME YE'RE MAKING
SURE DOT YOU VONT
ESCAPE!

THE BOY BUDDIES ARE TAKEN
IMMEDIATELY BEFORE A NAZI
JUDGE...

DESE TWO
HAVE
BEEN AR-
RESTED FOR
TREASON
AGAINST DER
GOVERNMENT!

TAKE DEM
BEFORE A
FIRING SQVAD
NEXT
CASE!



BUT YOU
HAVENT EVEN
HEARD THE
EVIDENCE!

TAKE
POSE
WHINING
BRATS
OUT OF
HERE!

THEY'RE KILLING US!
THEY'RE KILLING
US! THEY'RE...
THEY'RE...

FIRE!

A CAR BACKFIRING! WHY,
TH--THE WHOLE THING
WAS A DREAM!

...AND I DREAMED
THAT THE
NAZIS HAD
TAKEN OVER
NEW YORK,
AND KILLED
THE SHIELD
AND THE
WIZARD,
AND...

NOT ANOTHER
WORD, PAL. LETS
GET DOWN TO
OUR BOND COUN-
TER AT ONCE!

DON'T FOOL YOUR-
SELF, READER--IT
CAN HAPPEN HERE!
DON'T LET IT
HAPPEN! BUY WAR
STAMPS AND BONDS
NOW!

BUY U.S.
BONDS
NOW!

The END

Jim Prentice
ANNOUNCES HIS

SUPER ELECTRIC FOOTBALL



Hi Boys!

These new Electric Games are built on sturdy wood frames, size 14 x 36 inches. Electrically illuminated colorful handsomely lacquered playing fields. BE SURE you get yours this Christmas!

**One Minute to Play--
70 yds. Down the field**

**Zoom!
OUT OF DANGER**

THIS is just one of 176 exciting moments you face playing Jim Prentice's new idea of America's Greatest Game. You get all the breath-taking thrills, the hours of good fun, making long field goals, intercepting forwards, bucking the line, winging bullet-like passes, blocking, tackling, smearing, fake kicks, trick plays, and so on.

You call the plays and direct the strategy. If you know winning football and out-smart your opponent you gain more and lose less yards as the little pigskin moves up and down the field. The uncertainties of an actual game are ever present, always providing a fighting chance for the team that's trailing.

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